Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, now will I raiſe the vvaters; talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to live.

Launc. Well, let his Father be what a will, we talke of young Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your vvorſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launc. But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you, talke you of young Maſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant ſhall pleaſe your worſhip.

Launc. *Ergo*, Maſter *Launcelet*, talke not of Maſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to Fates and Deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the Siſters three, and ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launc. Doe I looke like a cudgell, or a hovell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop? doe you know me Father?

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy, God reſt his ſoule, alive or dead.

Launc. Doe you not know me Father?

Gob. Alack ſir I am Sand-blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, indeede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing of me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. VVell, old man, I will tell you newes of your Sonne, give mee your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mans Sonne may, but in the ende, truth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand up, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Launce. Pray you let's have no more fooling, about it, but give mee

mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my Sonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne, if thou be *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phil-horſe has on his taile.

Launc. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I have of my face when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how doſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I have brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launc. Well, well, but for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have runne ſome ground; my Maſter's a very Iewe, give him a preſent, give him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſervice. You may tell every finger I have with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, give me your preſent to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede gives rare new Lyveries, if I ſerve not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerve the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters delivered, put the Llveries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launc. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me?

Gob. Heere's my Sonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launc. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iew's man, that would ſir, as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerve.

Laun. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerve the Iew, and have a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.